my hand: O the world has not a ſweeter creature, ſhe might lie by an Emperours ſide, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe not ſay what ſhe is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable muſitian; O ſhe will ſing the ſauageneſſe out of a Beare; of ſo hye and plenteons wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worſe for all this.

Oth. A thouſand thouſand times: and then of ſo gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay thats certaine, but yet the pitty of it *Iago*, oh the pitty.

Iag. If you be ſo fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes, —cuckold me!

Iag. O, tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon *Iago*, this night Ile not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, euen the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iuſtice of it pleaſes, very good.

Ia And for *Caſsio*, let me be his vndertaker: you ſhall heare more by midnight *A Trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that ſame?

Iag. Some thing from *Venice* ſure; tis *Lodouico*
Come from the Duke, and ſee, your wife is with him.

Lod. Saue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart ſir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kiſſe the inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the newes good couſen *Lodouico?*

Iag. I am very glad to ſee you Seignior: — *Lod.* welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Le
Iag. Liues ſir,
Deſ. Couſen, there's falne betwe
An vnkind breach, but you ſhall ma
Oth. Are you ſure of that?
Deſ. My Lord.
Oth. This faile you not to doe,
Lod. He did not call, shee's buſie
Is there Diuiſion twixt my Lord an
Deſ. A moſt vnhappy one, I wo
To attone them, for the loue I beare
Oth. Fire and Brimſtone.
Deſ. My Lord.
Oth. Are you wiſe?
Deſ. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter mou'd h
For as I thinke, they doe command
Deputing *Caſsio* in his gouernemen
Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed.
Deſ. My Lord.
Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Deſ. How ſweet *Othello?*
Oth. Deuill.
Deſ. I haue not deſeru'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be
Tho I ſhould ſweare I ſaw't: tis ver
Make her amends, ſhe weepes.
Oth. O Deuill, Deuill,
If that the earth could teeme with
Each drop ſhe falls, would proue a
Out of my ſight.
Deſ. I will not ſtay to offend yo
Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:
I doe beſeech your Lordſhip, call h
Oth. Miſtreſſe.
Deſ. My Lord.
Oth. What would you with he

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